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NO. 45.

Through the Snow. For what should I watch when the snow lies

On the top of the distant hill? For what should I listen when all is hush'd And when even the brook is still? I wait for I know that my love will come,

On some errand of mercy bent, And my lady's face will be glad and bright With the charm of a sweet content. So I wait for the crackle of frozen sno For a step that setteth my heart aglow, For a voice whose music too well I know.

As my lady comes through the snow. I know she will come, for the snow is hard When it lies at the poor man's door, And therefore my love with her gentle heart Thinks the rich should befriend the poor; So not vainly shall I for her coming wait, And perchance it may even be

My lady shall learn from to-day to own That her pity should reach to me. So I wait for the crackle of frozen snow, For a step that setteth my heart aglow, For a voice whose music too well I know, As my lady comes through the snow.

And then when she comes through the crisp white snow, Will she meet me with glad surprise? Ab! then, shall I read what my heart would

In the gleam of her sweet blue eyes? I know she will give me at least a smile, And my heart in its light shall glow, For love, in its warmth, can defy the cold. And can laugh though the north wind blow. So I wait for the crackle of frozen snow For a step that setteth my heart aglow. For a voice whose music too well I know, As my lady comes through the snow.

The Major's Vindication.

"Miss Marble, I wish to speak with 70u a moment before you go." Katharine Marble—or rather "Kitty," as every one had called her for the last twenty years, the term of her

existence-paused as she was in the act of leaving the postoffice, of which she was the sole clerical force, and turned toward her superior officer to meet the smile which always made attractive the face of Major Wynne when he spoke to any one, friend or foe, though in truth the latter were The girl, a plurap, pretty brunette,

had been "assistant postmaster" in the village postoffice for three years, though the affable major had held his position but a few months, since the death of the former incumbent, a man well burdened with years, who had presided over the distribution of letters and papers for nearly two score

The noontime shadows had crept closely up beside the buildings as if to avoid the heat of the bright summer day, as Kitty turned with a questioning look. Major Wynne's smile was as bland as ever, but his voice had an uncertain sound as he continued a trifle

"The fact is, Miss Marble, I feel compelled to state that the increasing duties of this office require that I should employ, not more efficient help. for that"-and his smile grew more bland, if possible—"would be impossible to find, but some one who could assume the responsibility of the office to an extent hardly within the province of a lady assistant.'

Major Wynne's smile grew almost imperceptible as he met the amazed look which flashed from the black eyes of the girl before him, though her ripe, red lips uttered no sound.
"I know this comes rather unex-

pectedly," he continued, finding that very disagreeable position. The office, coming fall and winter in district No. 8, if you wished."

The girl fairly shivered, spite of the warmth of the day, as she thought of the dingy schoolhouse perched on the bleak hill, of the rows of tow-headed urchins and unmanageable girls, sharpvoiced, critical parents and the dull life of country farmhouses compared illage, and her face mirrored her houghts as she at length answered:

"Of course, Mr. Wynne, I can find no fault with your desire for other assistance than mine, and as it is quite necessary for me to earn a living at something I shall be thankful for any kindness toward enabling me to help myself.'

Her measured, even tones were totally unlike her usually quick, alert mode of speaking, and the color was gone from her cheeks.

"Who will succeed me?" she asked.

sfter a moment's uncomfortable eilence. "Mr. Rawley's clerk, young Gray; he

is a smart, capable fellow, and will do his best to please the public. I am very sorry that-" "Please say no more on this subject,"

she interrupted, hastily. "When does my term of service expire?" "Well, I thought a month's notice

would be sufficient. Mr. Gray will come take the office immediately, and by that time will have become familiar with the details of the work."

She went out into the sunshine, scarcely heeding its brightness, for this dismissal was a severe blow to her. She had taken pride in her work; what would have been dull routine to town. some, she performed with pleasure; had the same kindly manners for young or old, rich or poor, and had come to seem part and parcel of the otherwise somewhat dingy and unat-

tractive postoffice. She walked slowly over the uneven plank sidewalk, her eyes cast down, ooking neither to the right nor left. She took no notice of those she met, till a young man raised his hat and drawers, all so dear to Kitty from long stairs which run up at the rear of the Major Wynne was the thief." spoke pleasantly to her. Then she association, were sadly wanting as the a year or so her senior, stood smilingly

He noticed her look of discomposure.
"Why did you resign at the postoffice?" haggard and careworn look. he queried, with the familiarity of an street beside her.

in fact, wishes a gentleman assistant."

The young man whistled softly. "I was given to understand that you were leaving of your own accord, though or I should not have accepted the quietly major's offer."

She laughed, a trifle forced and unnatural. "You are not at all to blame; "N I hope you will succeed, and I am con-fident you will give satisfaction." his fair face tinged with color and his fident you will give satisfaction." tripped lightly up a path to a door and me better if I had been his own son. vanished, while Allan Gray mused to He says the deficiency caused by the himself: "I don't understand this fire will have to be allowed by special matter. She is certainly more compe- act of Congress. But what troubles tent than I am, fully understands the me is the fact that I remember so disless than the salary he has offered valuables in the safe."

For the next month Kitty Marble and Allan Gray labored together sorting letters and papers, filling mail bags and waiting upon the rough crowd who came from out of town, for the next month Kitty Marble upon an applicant, after which had story to Kitty who had stood silently meantime: "I wanted to resign my clerkship, but the major stage, and expects to be back at 6 in wouldn't listen to it. He said it was only a mistake, and that they would rising to take her leave. miles. And Major Wynne took a ing with a smile even more affable than usual.

And Kitty, failing to find anything more promising, accepted the school in district No. 8, and strove with comcommendable zeal to instill some enthusiasm into the thick heads of the stolid crowd over which she was in-

stalled as ruler. from the village, and during the fall term she visited home two or three times a week, meeting always a warm greeting from the business men and others who remembered her bright face and cheerful ways so well. And the village gossips noticed and commented upon the fact that Allan Gray was frein the buggy beside him, for the major seemed well pleased with his new assistant, and was disposed to favor him

in all possible ways. winter came, and the snow lay peled in deep drifts, poor Kitty had a lone till the late summer or early fall, above. Here she crouched down upon Allen Gray and no longer tendered him mer, the use of his colt nor gave him so Th many holidays as formerly, though the greatest length when another stir of slightest degree.

The winter term thirds over and in another month postoffice. Kitty would be at home again. The committee had praised her, as she Wynne became objects of much thought, more than she deserved, and | curiosity to persons at all tainted with | one of the village schools had been gossipy propensities. offered her, and the thought of being once more a daily resident of Union- only that a heavy deficiency was laid creased salary, helped her to bear the which Major Wynne declared could be talking with the woman of the house winter, though matters since that date and he seemed suffocating. Major to her. Her heart was light and her the affair. Letters containing small whole being thrilled with happiness.

"Well," said the mistress of the the lumber woods, "I'm mighty glad for your sake, though we'd like to have she made no reply, "and places me in a y here ag in. You've done more good to these young ones of mine than all as you know, will admit of but one as- the other teachers put together. Zach, sistant, and there are various other here, was al'ays called a dunce till you things you could do equally remunera- took him in hand, an' now he can fig- soul of honor. You might teach school the ger an' write an' read an' spell, an' land only knows what he doesn't office under their immediate charge,

The rude, unlettered mother smiled proudly upon her awkward, half-grown boy as though she believed he would be at least a college professor before many years had elapsed, while Zach ington, and Major Wynne walked grinned bashfully and turned away to hide his confusion. The lad walked with her busy, pleasant life in the over to a window and looked out. Then he started back quickly, all traces could be unraveled, though what this of gratified vanity gone from his new-found clew was he could not di-

freckled face. "Oh, marm! teacher! there's a ter'ble fire som'eres!" he gasped; "look out an' see !"

Sure enough, when the startled women and frightened children looked or take the place of the dispirited from the windows the southern sky was fed with the light of a conflagra-

tion not many miles away. "It's Unionville," said the mother of Zach, when she had found her voice; "the hull town's agoin'," and she sank back helplessly in her chair, while guilt. Kitty trembled with a new-born terror. If the town was burned up what would become of her promised school in the village with its attendant hap-

piness? Nearly the whole night long they watched the huge masses of flamebrightened smoke roll up and surge away to the eastward, for a strong west wind was blowing.

The next day they learned that over a dozen buildings of more or less magnitude, including the postoffice, had been swept away, the fire raging till nothing was left upon which to expend its fury, though an easterly wind would have swept nearly the entire

It was a couple of weeks before Kitty walked the streets of dearly-beloved Unionville and looked upon the blackened ruins of what had once been imposing walls of clapboards and shingles, for the village was built lock-boxes, the boxes with glass fronts. the pigeon-holes, delivery-window and

"Everything but what was in the old acquaintance, as he walked up the safe, and what is worst of all, a number of hundred dollars and a lot of Her first thought was to give him an evasive answer. "I will tell you the truth," she said, quietly, "Mr. Wynne wishes more responsible help; in fact, wishes a gentleman assistant." accounts and returns to the department at Washington.'

There was a strange, half-frightened look on Allan Gray's face as he ceased not in the same words," he returned, speaking that caused Kitty to ask

"They didn't accuse you of taking

"No, no," he interrupted, hastily, sensitive lip quivered for an instant; With these few words she left him, "Major Wynn could not have treated work, and will work for \$100 a year tinctly of seeing the money and other

He turned wearily away to wait occur if all possible precautions were vacation during this month, return- taken. I insisted upon leaving at first, I was so positive that I had put the things in the safe, but he said some might east suspicion of wrongdoing

upon me if I did, and so I staid." Kitty made no comments. She learned that Major Wynne had taken the safe to his house as soon as it could be cooled sufficiently, but, beyond the fact that he had declared that no money or The schoolhouse was but four miles stamps were found upon opening it, she could learn nothing. She finished her school in district No. 8, rested a few weeks, and took up her duties again in a village school-room to teach

the spring term. A strangely sober, almost somber mood had fallen upon Kitty. Her incipient flirtation or embryo courtship quently seen driving Major Wynne's with Allan Gray was to all appear-spirited colt, with Kitty Marble seated ances at a standstill. Though the young couple did not avoid each other, yet there was a certain reserve in their moment, and then the features of Kitty conduct not calculated to ripen friend- Marble became visible as she lighted a But when the bleak New England office had not been consigned to to be silent as she stepped swiftly and some time indeed, for somehow the though appartments sufficiently commajor had changed slightly toward modious had been secured for the sum- her glittering eyes with almost cat-

The days had scarcely reached their her on the stairs.

Nothing could be learned definitely ville, to say nothing of a largely in- at the door of the Unionville postoffice, monotony of her present life. She sat accounted for by the fire of the previous where she boarded the evening after did not appear satisfactory to the this welcome news had been imparted government official sent to investigate sums of money were claimed to have been lost, and discrepancies in the quickly followed by a similar one. house, whose husband was away in accounts were ferreted out, and now both the major and young Gray wore all his lifetime before witnessed a haggard faces and walked with uncertain step. But neither was arrested, nitude, and to be thus brought into Major Wynne declaring that the matter would be eventually cleared up and that he believed Allan Gray was the

So the major's bondsmen took the retaining young Gray, though sorely against his will, telling him that it would be better for him to remain till the matter was thoroughly investigated. The detective returned to Washabout the village streets, smiling again, asserting that he had gained a thread by which the whole matter

vulge for the present: But Allan Gray seemed failing in health and spirits, and oftentimes Kitty, whose school was not in session at that time, was called in to assist young clerk, and sometimes Major Wynne was also called upon to render issistance. And not a few people had come to hint openly that the cause of Allan Gray's disquietude and failing health was due to a load of conscious

The government detective had put in another unexpected appearance and was closeted in the evening with one of Major Wynne's bondsmen-the acting postmaster-when some one rapped sharply upon the door. Mr. Marsh, the bondsman, opened the door and stood face to face with Kitty Marble. Her eyes wore a strange, intense look, and a vivid color burned in her cheeks. "I beg pardon for intruding upon

you," she said in a quiet, even tone. "Mrs. Marsh told me you were engaged, but I made bold to call upon you just the same. I want a favor." The detective eyed her keenly, while Mr. Marsh answered: "Certainly, Miss Marble, I will grant with pleasure any

favor that I can." "Do not make any rash promises," she said with a half smile, and then she continued, earnestly: "Mr. Marsh, I want some decoy letters sent through this office with money in them, almost wholly of wood. The postoffice and then I want you and this sparkled and her cheeks glowed as she had found other quarters, though the gentleman to watch Mr. Gray assort the mail to-morrow evening. It can be done easily from a flight of back office. The partition is merely of looked up. A tall, fair young man, only a year or so her senior, stood smilingly "Was all the property destroyed?" she asked of Allan Gray, who was described absent until evening to-morrow, and I was sure I put them in the safe." boards, and I will arrange that loop-

"How do you do, Mr. Gray?" she kaone in the impromptu office, his will be in the office alone. Here are suuden cheerfulness seemed fading returned, in answer to his salutation. usually fair face whiter than she had some letters with money in them," and she produced some half-dozen letters, addressed in various styles of writing to parties out of the State, the fact that they contained money being apparent to an experienced eye and band.

Mr. Marsh gazed upon her in spa less astonishment, while the eyes of the officer twinkled as he said: "Do as the young lady wishes; there is no harm in it, and there may be much good. will take the stage for the north in the morning, and will mail the letters. will return on the stage at night, an get off out of the village a ways, "I've no objections to trying it, but, really, Miss Marble, why are you so in-terested in this matter?" asked Mr.

Marsh. The girl flushed and paled. "I have had more or less convection with the business, and I know that letters have been lost recently, and if Mr. Gray is the guilty party I think be will be de-tected by this means and, if so, I believe he will make a full confession which, under the circumstances, would be due to Mr. Wynne, in justice to himself and family."

"Where is Mr. Gray going?" queried

A few minutes after 8 the next evening Mr. Marsh and the detective admitted themselves into a back hall of the postoffice building, a key having been furnished the former by Kitty early in the day. Part way up the stairs, which led to vacant rooms in the second story, they found small apertures in the board partition by means of which they had a full view of the back office. A lamp, turned low, stood upon the mailing table, but the room was tenantless.

"I hardly like this business," muttered Marsh, but the detective made

no answer. A footstep fell softly upon the step of the rear door, a key turned in the lock, the door opened, and the men on the stair saw a female figure glide into the dark hall, the door closed, then a ances at a standstill. Though the match scratched on the wall, a weird, blue light flashed and sputtered for a ship into a warmer feeling. The post- small hand-lamp. She motioned them till the late summer or early fall, above. Here she crouched down upon the floor, the lamp beside her, and fixed like intensity upon the two men below

Mr. Marsh could scarcely withdraw young man could not really say that excitement rippled through the current his gaze from her. Could this be the Major Wynne ill-treated him in the of life in Unionville. A detective bright, happy Kitty Marble whom he from Washington had appeared in the had known since her infancy? But a village to investigate matters at the noise in the office warned him that his Strange rumors floated services as spy were needed. The deupon the air, and Allan Gray and Major | tective seemed glued to the wall, and he applied his own eye to the gimlet hole before him. He could hardly suppress an exclamation of disappoint ment. It was not Allan Gray who stood at the mailing table sorting letters, but Major Wynne. All their contriving had been in vain-when suddenly his heart leaped to his throat Wynne had actually taken up a letter and deliberately opened the envelope, putting it in one pocket and the contents in another. And this act was

Honest Enoch Marsh had never in transgression of the law of any magsuch close proximity with so heinous a crime as downright robbery deprived him of nearly all his strength. A cold perspiration broke out upon him as he drew back and turned his ghastly face toward the quiet, watchful girl only a few feet away. His eyes glared back at her bright orbs which had lost none of their intensity, but she shook her head and frowned, and once more he peered in upon the culprit, while the officer never moved a muscle.

Several times he saw theman whom the whole community would have trusted with their lives abstract money from letters, disposing of them as he had the first, and then the detective turned and whispered:

"Let's slip out and go around and enter the office and arrest him with the

proofs of his guilt upon him." Poor Major Wynne-his bland smile was sadly wanting as the two men burst in upon him. He made no remonstrance against being searched shaking his head and moaning, "My poor babies, my poor babies."

It was the greatest shock Unionville had ever received, and hundreds came in the early morning to see the pitiful broken-down man in his narrow quarters in the jail. His wife sat with pallid face beside him, and his three little children clung to his knees, scarcely realizing their father's misfortune, though with a vague, frightened look in their little faces. A great deal of sympathy was expressed for the major and his children, though the mother shared it in less measure, for to her well known extravagance the major's downfall was attributed. Toward noon the detective and a local officer, armed with a search warrant, visited the major's house, holding a conference with Kitty Marble shortly afterward.

That afternoon an out-of-town friend brought Allan Gray home, still in ignorance of the developments of the night before. He looked so pale and feeble that his mother feared to break the news to him, and looked relieved when Kitty Marble came lightly up the steps and greeted Allan warmly. Her eyes

"Oh, Allan! the mystery is solved and you are freed from all suspicion. His eyes brightened at once.

"But the

"And so you did," she cried, impulsively, clasping his thin hand, "and that horoid Major Wynne stole them out, and then lied about it. They found the books and part of the stamps hidden in his house this forenoon, and she went on rather incoherently to tell him of her part in the plot to capture the thief, Mrs. Gray leaving

the room. When Kitty had finished she was all of a tremble, for a strange look had come over the pinched face before her. Allan Gray rose to his feet, gifted with a sudden strength, and looked manfully into the black eyes which

suddenly drooped.
"Kitty," he demanded, "why did you take such an active part in this

Their eyes met. The black eyes and the blue eyes asked and answered questions with lightning-like rapidity. "I could not see you die," whis-pered the owner of the black eyes, and he of the blue answered, softly: "You have saved my life and you must watch over it," which subsequent events proved that she was willing to do.

Allan Gray received the postmastership and declared that the reason the major dismissed Kitty-new Mrs. Gray-was to be rid of her sharp eyes so that he might the better enjoy the "spoils of office."-Springfield Repub-

Door Knobs.

There is hardly any object that everybody handles so frequently, finds o necessary and yet thinks so little about, as the door knob. A gentleman who has all his life kept up an intimate business acquaintance with door knobs said recently concerning them:

All the door knobs in England formerly were made of wood or cast ironbig, solid, heavy things-and for a time the American ones were the same. But that could not last in this country, where taste and inventive art are active in the combination of the useful and the beautiful for every use in life. We soon commenced to make our own door knobs, upon the old English plans at first, but ere long with other materials, and with an eye to improvement in form and color, beginning a progressive course of improve ment that already puts us in this specialty, as in many others, ahead of the world in the production of goods that are at once beautiful, durable and cheap enough to be popular. It was about 1842 or 1848 that the manufacture of door knobs from clay was commenced in this country. Clays that would change their colors in baking were selected and mixed together, after being very finely ground, pressed into molds, biscuit, then coated with a fusible compound called "glaze," and rebaked at sufficient heat to melt the glaze and give them a glassy surface. They had a dark mottled appearance, were known as "mineral door knobs," and sold as high as \$18 a dozen pairs. They still have a place in the market, but they are worth now only eighty cents a

dozen pairs—the cheapest made. The greatest stride in the progress of door-knob manufacture was taken in 1873 or 1874. The material employed is bronze, mainly composed of nine parts of copper and one of tin. The molds prepared for it are made with such extreme nicety and fidelity to their pattern that they reproduce lines as delicate as the veinings of a tiny leaflet, and the molten metal is forced into them by screw pressure while they are inclosed in a vacuum box. The articles made in this way are known as compression bronze goods, and a variety of claims to superiority over other bronze goods are made for them, the principal of which, as far as the public is concerned, is their beauty. Some of them are plated with nickel and gold, nickel and silver, or silver and gold in various combinations. The most expensive are those with combined decorations of enamel and gold, which mount up to \$15 or

\$16 a pair. Not a great while ago, a rich banker in Portland, Oregon, sent all the way here to New York for the loor knobs for a magnificent mansion he was building. He wanted dozens of knobs, but the highest numper of any one kind of the same size was three. In each room, however, the design selected for t was carried through large and small sizes, wherever a knob was used. He also had the taste to select the three shades of bronze in which fine knobs are made, so as to harmonize with the prevailing hue of the woods or decoraions of the apartments for which they were severally designed.

In some old European castles and palaces one sees door knobs of silver, and silver falaid with gold, but such things are rarely if ever made now, never in this country .- New York Sun.

An Animated Calendar.

Orange Bennett, colored, is an animated calendar, says the Elizabeth-town (Ky.) News. Ask him what lay of the month it is, or what day of the week Christmas or Fourth of July comes on, and, without a moment's hesitation, he gives the correct answer. Any date you desire within two years he will give instantly. What makes it so remarkable is he doesn't know one figure from another.

"You see, grandma, we perforate an aperture in the apex and a correspondng aperture in the base, and by apply the egg to the lips and forcibly inhaling the breath, the shell is entirely discharged of its contents." Dear me!" exclaimed the old lady what wonderful improvements they do make. Now, in my younger days they just made a hole in each end and sucked."

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Man, the goat and the wild carni fora are the only animals capable of resisting the testse fly of Africa.

A Belgian scientist concludes that the seat of the electricity of storms is not, as generally admitted, in the moist region of the atmosphere, but in the cold and dry superstratum.

A German paper, speaking of bread making, says: "Fungold germs may be introduced with bad flour into the bread, which will not be destroyed by the baking temperature of the inside of the loaf (212 degrees F.). In the year 1840 an orange-colored fungus was often observed in France in the bread. and indeed often in such quantities that red, evil-smelling dust particles would issue when the bread was

broken.' Experiments made by J. Aitken confirm the usual notion that pure water has a blue tint; but he finds that the theory of selective reflection is insufflcient to account for all the variations as to tint met with in the case of natural accumulations of water. Whitish particles are suspended in the water of the Mediterranean and the tint varies from deep blue to chalky blue-green, according to the proportion in which these particles may be present.

A very faulty lightning-conductor may sometimes protect a building. M. Hirn tells of such a case which lately occurred at Colmar. A thin iron rod, about twenty-six feet long, had a conical brass point screwed on the top, and was connected below by means of a series of pieces of thin wire, having terminal eyes, with a block of iron about twenty inches long in the ground. During a violent thunder-storm lightning melted the brass point, but the current seems to have nowhere left the conductor. M. Hirn insists that the mere fact of a lightning discharge on the point of a conductor is proof of very imperfect construction, as, during more than forty years of observation, he has never seen lightning strike one of the forty or fifty lightning rods of the factories of Logelbach, although he has found that currents are almost constantly passing through the rods in the presence of thunder-stooms.

HEALTH HINTS.

To relieve toothache apply to the troublesome tooth a tiny piece of cotton saturated with ammonia.

Live out of doors, well clothed, so as to keep warm. Out-of-door life is essential to health, and particularly to its recovery.

The laws of development demand that in infancy and childhood the nes be fed, in youth the muscles, and in adult age the nerves, bones and muscles all need feeding.

It is stated in Dr. Foote's Health Monthly that tight lacing predisposes to red noses by interfering with the free circulation of the blood and causing congestion of the capillaries of the

In an article in the Australian Medical Journal, it is observed that the tomato is a most useful plant. It has been found to be effectual in many diseases, especially as a preventive of typhoid fever.

There are times in the lives of children when colds are taken, no one knows how, and when toothache is almost unbearable, and yet it is not advisable to have the tooth extracted. One means of relief at such a time is to cut a large raisin open, roast it, or heat it, and apply it around the tooth while it is as hot as can be borne; it will operate like a little poultice, and will draw out the inflammation. To wet a flannel cloth with strong vinegar and then put a hot iron under it, and so to steam the face, will aid in reducing inflammation.

Nilsson on Oscar Wilde.

Mme. Nilsson, the singer, was interviewed in Chicago, and took occasion to give a pretty plain opinion of Oscar Wilde after this fashion:

He ought to have been taken by the ear and taken to the boat and driven out of this country. What right has he to come here and say that everything American is all wrong? I think that your people are too goodnatured or they never would stand it. I know I shouldn't put up with his nonsense. You know in Europe he doesn't appear clad as he does here. That wouldn't be tolerated there. The ladies are taken by that lock of his on his forehead. The idea of a sunflower being pretty! It reminds me with its yellow color of paleness and sickness. I like the lilies; there nothing more perfect than the lily-of-the-valley. But that sunflower-if that is æstheticism I am not æsthetic. That craze has been the means of accumulating a mass of worthless rubbish in lots of houses. I met Oscar Wilde in London once, where we were both guests, and he was to take me down to dinner. He commenced to talk his nonsense and pose to me as we were going to the dining-room. I said to him : "Look here, Mr. Wilde, Mme. Christine Nilsson will put up with no such stuff. This is all put on, and there is nothing in it but nonsense." Mr. Wilde said "Thank you. You are the first sensible woman and true friend that I've met." After that he acted as a man should, and talked sensibly. Some days after he sent me a volume of his poems appropriately inscribed. But he is not considered a poet in Europe.

Two! years ago Wesson, Miss., was only a pine forest. It has now a cotton mill employing 1,000 hands, and nearly 3,000 inhabitants.

All nature is a vast symbolism. Every material fact has sheathed within it at least one spiritual truth,

John Koward Payne. The remains of the actor, journalist, playwright and diplowat, John Howard Payne, are interred at Tunis, North Africa. Arrangements are being perfected by W. W. Corcoran, the wealthy Washington philanthropist, to have these sacred relies of the author of "Home, Sweet Home," exhumed and transported to the United States for reinterment in Oak Hill cemetery, in Washington City, where a suitable monument will ington City, where a suitable monument wil be erected.]

O sacred ship, safe o'er the wandering foam. Bear the dear relics of the wandered

Payne, Whose weary soul oft sighed for rest in

vain. Yer life's wide desert forced afar to room, Versed in affairs and men, no learned toms He filled, the applause of the intellest to

But, for the heart, he sang one deathless strain-Homeless himself, the song of "Home, Sweet

Mome." serving his country on a foreign shore, Death took him by the hand, and, whisper-

ing, said Home!" and, rejoicing, forth with him he

His dust give, Corcoran, to be moved no

A home in your loved City of the Dead. And carve his lyric on his monument. -W. L. Shoemaker.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A maritime romance—A wedding. Successful books-Those bound to

Protection for home industries-A ock and key on the pantry door .-

Waterloo Observer. The toothless man ought to be a weet talker, for all his words must of

necessity be gum drops. Earth has nothing softer than a voman's heart, unless, perhaps, it be a tomato in the prime of life.—Lowell

"If a two-wheeled wagon is a bicycle and a three-wheeled wagon a tricycle, what would you call a five-wheeled one?" A V-hicle, of course .- Philadelphia News. The reason æsthetics so admire the

stork is that he can stand for hours on one leg and look as though he didn't know anything and didn't want to .-Somerville Journal. It is some two hundred years since punctuation came into use, but it will

probably be two hundred more before the party who sends contributions to the local paper adopts the system.— Rockland Courier. The Rome Sentinel thinks it was not altogether inappropriate that a bald-headed man, in making a will,

should devote his faculties to some wise provision that would prevent the heirs from falling out. No more the wildwood che With eglantiue and aster No more the kine do kick the flies. That tease them in the pastur', No more are rural maids employed

In mashes with the "utter," but well they fill the aching void With buckwheat cakes and butter. A story is told of an Englishman who was lately obliged to travel in Ireland-a duty he approached with fear and trembling. His affrighted senses were startled on hearing a fellow passenger in the railway carriage remark to another, "I'm just afther bein' over o Kilpatrick." "And I," replied the other, "am afther bein' over to Kilmary." "What murderers they are," thought the Englishman. "And to think that they talk of their assassinations so publicly." But the conversation went on: "And fhare are you goin' now?" asked assassin No. 1. "I'm goin' home and then to Kilmore," was No. 2's reply. The Englishman's blood curdled. "Kilmore, is it?" added No. 1. "You'd better be comin' along wid

me to Kilumaule." It is related that

the Englishman left the train at the next station. "Speaking of owing men and feeling unpleasant whenever you meet said Colonel Mickle, "brings up a rather unpleasant remembrance of a man to whom I was indebted. There were numerous men in Little Rock who had financial claims on me, . and whenever I met them I could not help but feel a sort of shiver creep over me, but there was one man whom I liked to meet." "Didn't bring up any unpleasant memory, eh?" said Paxton, who owes nearly every man in town. "No, sir." "Didn't shudder when you met him on the street?" No. I'd walk past him as though I owned the street." "I suppose you knew, then, that he did not need the money?" "No, sir, for I was well aware that he did need it." what was the cause?" "He was blind."—Arkansaw Traveler.

A Wonderful Cave.

A wonderful cave has been found near Sawtotho, Idaho Territory. One chamber which was explored is said to contain the image of a man made of what had the appearance of silver. At the head was a helmet of a peculiar pattern, in which were three imitation feathers made of gold or copper. From the mouth of the strange image proceeded a flame. A theory is that the prehistoric race that erected it had discovered a gas-jet and that there is communication down through the body to the solid rock, from which the gas proceeds perpetually. On the walls were hieroglyphics, which, of course, could not be read. In one corner was very large human skeleton, at least nine feet high, and by it a stone tomahawk and a large cross-bow, which, although it had the appearance of be ing perfectly sound, fell into a thousand deces when an attempt was made to lift it. A stone mortar containing ome very rich gold specimens was found, and also some large pieces of ruby silver.

It is estimated that the liquor saloons of Chicago sell \$10,000,000 worth of liquors per year. Of this amount \$6,000,000 is net profit.